



"WILLOW" SCORES HIT

Five nights of outstanding success the Drama club had in John Patrick's "The Willow and I", presented in the school auditorium on March 19 to 23.

The entire cast gave brilliant performances. Bethoe Thompson, in the difficult role of Mara Suto, was marvelous in her interpretation of the part . . . so vital and charming in her youth; so appealing in her age and mental illness; convincing always.

Olga Laruska as Bessie Suto, the selfish sister, was so real in the part that you actually hated her . . . a triumph in acting for our well-loved Olga!

Alfred Pape carried off the double role of Dr. Robin Todd and Kirkland Todd equally well. Although this was his first appearance on Vic's stage we are sure it will not be his last.

The part of Theodore Suto in his changing years, but alas, non-changing habits, was cleverly enacted by Nick Spillios. Geraldine Nelson, another



Cast of "Willow and I": (left to right) Donald Lloyd, Frances Mackett, Gerry Nelson, Chris Varvis, Bethoe Thompson, Don Wilson, Nick Spillios, Edward Patterson, Charles Wood, Olga Laruska, and Alfred Pape.



Complete Cast and Crew of the Yearplay.

newcomer to our stage, gave a fine performance as the "straight-laced" Aunt Millie.

Don Wilson in the role of Dr. Oliver was quite at home on the stage and carried off his part with ease. Frances Mackett as Tinney, and Donald Lloyd as Mable added just the right spice to the plot. Both proved promising young actresses—anybody need a new maid? It was hard to imagine red-headed, freckle-faced Edward Patterson under all that black paint, but he proved to be just the person for the part of Barney. Master Charles Wood stole the show with such lines as, "I am going to see Mable. I think I have a tapeworm!" A future leading man for Vic! Last but not least was Coverdale Queen Lisette as Satchel the "Australian hunting dog. . . . I paid \$10 for him."

Months of hard work put in by Miss Helene Hegler, director, who really deserved her bouquet, Tom Summers, her

assistant and Frank Tyler, technical assistant director, made possible the success of the play. Business manager Alton Bowers worried for weeks over tickets and money, stopping only long enough to pass some of this worry on to his assistants, Bill Shirlaw and Joyce Pickard. Myriam Dobson as publicity director saw to it that you noticed those posters drawn by Zenon Ewanchew and Joyce Herrington. Tom Webb outdid himself as director of scene design with his fine setting. The boys of Drama 1 and 2 carried out Tom's ideas nobly. Stage Manager Bill Hicks and assistant Gordon Kirkman, with the help of their crew, Melvin Wells, Don Dingwall, Bill Green and Glyn Williams, made sure that scenes were changed in record time. Davey Cleveley with assistants Norman Forbes, Leonard Gurel and Allan Cameron were responsible for the lightning. Outstanding was the lightning in the second act. House Manager Tom

Mayson saw to it that everything ran smoothly.

Usherettes and ticket takers: Edna Olive, Louise Christian, Peggy Moorehouse, Myriam Dobson, Sadie Ropchan, Vivianne McIntosh, Pat Gunn and Bernice Sandstrom handled their jobs well, as did door men Fred Barringham, Doug Harris, John Kuzyk and Jim Stewart. Sound effects—remember the storm—were handled by Helen Tchenko and Dorothy Moffat. Prompters were Audrey Major and Florence Henry. Music for the intermission was looked after by Gilbert Williams. Wardrobe mistress Doris Smith with her assistants Marjorie Olson, Joyce Wilson, Vida Fluker, Richard Christie and Lee Frankham, made quick change artists out of the cast. Costume designing was by Frances Mackett, aided by Donald Lloyd, Alwyn Harrison and Norma Weeder. Hair styles

(Continued on Page 5)



Miss Helene Hegler, Director, who worked untiringly to make "The Willow" a success.

FOR GRADS ONLY!

It will be YOUR night to shine, Grads . . . June first, the date you've had marked on the calendar for three years . . . YOUR GRAD DANCE!! Festivities are slated to commence at 7:00 p.m. sharp with a banquet at the Corona Hotel, to be followed by the usual toasts, and the Class Valedictory.

Here the musicians will take over, so that you and your partners can trip the light fantastic for more than two hours in a final fling before settling down to wrestle with the books.

Unfortunately, the Corona can seat only 115 people; so the number of tickets available will be limited. But Grads will be given a week's preference when the sale of tickets commences. After that, the sale will be thrown open to anyone in Grade 12.

Stags will be allowed; girls, if they wish, may ask boys. Dress, of course, will be semi-formal. So hurry HUR-RY! . . . Get your ticket from your executive rep. NOW!!

The Vic Argosy



The VIC ARGOSY, a member of the Quill and Scroll Society, published by the students of Victoria High School, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

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EDITORIAL

This fall a lot of kids are going to be very disappointed when their applications for Varsity entrance are refused. With the hundreds of returned servicemen crowding into our universities it is going to be tough for the average student to squeeze in. Only those who have especially good marks will have a chance. These good marks aren't obtained by wishing. It takes work. Now, before it is too late, is the time to get busy. Show what you can do on the Easter exams; strive for more than just a pass. It's a certainty that studying will become more and more of an effort as summer approaches and the swimming pools and tennis courts begin to beckon. Why not begin now, if you haven't already done so, and give up a few shows and other amusements for the next three months. Study hard, be a book-worm, but while you're doing so, think of that wonderfully exhilarating feeling you'll get next summer when your results come with that eighty-five average you've been dreaming about all through high school.

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Stealing! is the act of taking goods unlawfully, taking them by theft—or feloniously and usually slipping away without being seen.

No doubt most of us have had things removed from our coat pockets—mitts, money, car tickets, brooches, etc.; and from our lockers—running shoes, pens and pencils, books and "what have you".

We can't remedy what has already been done but we can prevent further losses by leaving our coat pockets empty and getting keys for our lockers and keeping them locked.

If there is anybody in this school who has any ideas on how else to prevent this "Secret borrowing-for keeps," could he kindly tell Mr. Hicks.

CURRENT EVENTS

The Club has been continuing its survey of Student opinion. The following are the results of the polls:

Question: In your opinion, which of the following influences your thinking to the greatest extent?

Answers: Family, 49.6%; Teachers, 15.8%; Publications, 24.8%; Movies, 3.8%; Church, 2.8%; Undecided, 4.8%.

School books were included in the second column, magazines, newspapers and radio in the third, and institutions of the Church in the fifth.

While one youth in grade 10 felt that women influenced his thinking most, the majority of his grade and of grade eleven, blamed their thinking process on the family. Grade 12 students, however, were influenced most by teachers and school books.

The people of Alberta spend \$26,000 yearly on liquor, and \$15,000 on Education. In view of this fact, do you approve of a 25% tax on all liquor sold, to raise money for education?

Answers: Yes, 76%; No, 15%; Undecided, 9%.

Question: If only one Unit is to be added to V. H. S. at the present time which should be built first?

Students: Academic, 16.6; Technical, 20; Gymnasium, 36; Auditorium, 26.

Teachers: Academic, 30; Technical, 60; Gymnasium, 5; Auditorium, 5.

The Academic Unit would include academic class rooms and labs, and the

EPIDEMIC HITS VIC

"IT" is here again—the season of the year that makes you want to kick your winter flannels into one corner and your school books into the other—SPRING!!

Spring fever is running wild among us, and to you who have already been stricken we can give no advice, for medical science knows no cure. To you who are in doubt, may we ask: Does your stomach contract to one-third its normal size at the mere thought of chemistry? Does your brain go A.W.O.L. the minute you open an algebra book? Do the muscles of your eyeballs suffer a nervous breakdown when you so much as look at Latin? We realize that these symptoms prevail the year 'round in most cases, but if they are more pronounced at present, **you have it!**

Right about now you find that thoughts of skating and skiing are being knocked down in the first round by happy anticipation of hikes, swims, golf, tennis, and the hundreds of other things that make up your summer activities. Exams, by the way, are usually eliminated in the semi-finals and never get into the ring.

If you find the sound of the teacher's voice fading away into the distance, and the sizzle of marshmallows over a crackling fire taking its place, don't worry about your being an exceptional case. Just look around you, and five to ten you'll find 90% of the class will have that remote expression too. Of course that look may not be entirely due to marshmallows and open fires. Remember in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of what the girls have been thinking about all winter long!

A glance at this month's medical journal gives us an impressive list of cures, none of which seems to have much appeal. Each one of you must diagnose your own case and prescribe accordingly; but don't try too hard, or you may find a cure that works. After all, the thing isn't fatal. As a matter of fact, we think it's kinda nice!

Technical unit would include Technical classrooms and shops. The gymnasium and swimming pool would be one unit, and the Auditorium, stage and cafeteria another. In no other poll have opinions and reasons of the students varied so widely. Teachers' opinions were also greatly divided.

Question: Do you believe that medical service should be free as public education is?

Answers: Yes, 74.8; No, 19.7; Undecided, 5.5.

EXCHANGES

'Lo again! The lack of exchanges for our last issue was no indication of this month's mailbag, which is literally full and running over.

The latest issue of the Commercial Chronicle, although slimmer, is crammed full of interesting news and views of the latest happenings 'round McDougall way. Of special interest is the "Who's Who List" complete with phone numbers, no less!

One of the Christian gals seems to have become very fond of exchanges with the arrival of the "Thunderbird Press" of Powell River High. 'Could be on account of all the interesting material in it—like the short story "An After Christmas Carol", which is good! Then again it could be one of Powell River males. Could be!

Calgary, is well represented in the mailbag this month with the addition of "The Siren" from Crescent Heights High. That makes three regular exchanges we have now, and from the quality of their material—seems there must be some rivalry down south for the best paper. For cute, original cartoons "The Siren" and "C.C.I. Weeper" take the cake.

Speaking of good papers, please don't miss our newly arrived exchange, "School Daze" from Trail, B.C. It has more really good material in one issue, than most have in five. "What is a Man" should be compulsory reading for all students of the subject. And what girl isn't? Then there's the cute heading for their music page "Discord and Daccord"—and really tops is "Finals" the most humorous write-up of a basketball game I've ever read! We'll certainly be watching the mailbag for their next edition.

One of my distinct likes is the way the Banff Cascadian always arrives just on time for use to make use of it for our next edition. Nice work, gang, keep it up!

All those interested in high school journalism—or for that matter, just journalism—will be glad to know another Quill and Scroll has reached our office. It's full to the brim with interesting easy to read articles on practically everything journalism has to offer.

Just can't close without mentioning several ex-Vicites whose names appear in the latest Gateway. At Varsity's annual Color Night, the following won awards for outstanding work during the year: Jim Spillios, Sylvia Callaway, Lois McLean, Irving Lerner and Vera Hole. Our congratulations to these, to whom Vic points with pride.

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Part V

Dear Louie,

I'm writing this in Algebra period, Louie, so if this page becomes spattered with blood in a few sentences, you'll know why. I think I'm pretty safe, tho' How can he suspect anything, when I've got this page hidden by my movie magazine? Did I tell you—

Later:

I wasn't in a letter-writing mood, anyway.

Well, Louie, the baseball season is here with a bang. A few of the Diamond Dollies were warming up their pitching arms yesterday, so I joined in just for the fun of it. I didn't want those two front teeth, anyway. Maybe it comes from seeing all those Bugs Bunny pictures, but I always get excited and start to yell things I don't mean, and I had to go and say, "Toss me a swiftie, Coral!" and she did. But what's one more broken window? (Two week's allowance).

Hey. Remember the cheer contest I told you about? Well, I didn't win a prize, but I got a very good criticism. They said that what my entry lacked in monotony, it made up in redundancy. However, one of the other entries had somewhat the same theme as mine, and one of us had to go, so I bowed out. After all, there is such a thing as courtesy. And besides, she'd sorta helped me with mine. She gave me the first line. Would you like to see it? Here it is anyway:

"Yeah, Vic!
Yeah, Vic!
Yeah, Vic!"
etc.

I had thought that if it were shouted long enough and loud enough, and with a suitable background of choral moaning, it would have rather a depressing effect on our opponents, but the judges said that our team might be listening, too, and of course, they're right. Oh, well. One of the girls said that the judges were giving preference to the intelligentsia. Heaven knows I'm not an intelligentsia. I don't even smoke.

Ta-ta, dreamboat, don't forget to write,
Betty-Ann.

P.S. Enclosed find an IOU for 50c, and please be a dear and send me the half-buck by return mail. There's a new Frankie platter in at the music store and if I don't buy it before next Wednesday, I'll lose my swooning rights in our "Frankie Forever" Club. Isn't he MARVELLOUS?

Later:

In a gnawful rush—ignore first P.S.—Please send one dollar if you can scrape

Now that the year play is over, the Drama club is having a chance to catch its breath. But time now for a few credits where credits are due.

To Miss Helene Hegler, for her admirable direction of the play and supervision of the various committees comprising the working unit of the Drama club, goes a large bouquet of thanks from the Drama club and all those who enjoyed "The Willow and I". Our only criticism is that she worked herself too hard.

Outstanding work by Property Committee, headed by Tim Hollick-Kenyon, and the Backstage Crew, supervised by Bill Hicks, comes next in our list of honorable mentions. The little realistic touches such as the stereoscope in Act I, that suggested the turn of the century, were the result of many hours of diligent searching by the property committee. Those beautiful flats were designed by Tom Webb and set up by the Stage Crew.

Dave Cleveley, president of the Drama club, acted as light man for the play. Did you notice the lightning? Well—And the chilling sounds of the raging tempest were achieved by Frank Tyler's masterful handling of the records on the victrola.

You'll never know the grey hairs that Buster Brown suit of Ed Patterson's (Barney in the play) caused Frances Mackett—but it looked authentic, didn't it?

Coming Attractions

Don't think that the Drama club will heave a sigh, and die happy, now that the Year Play is over. Far from it. We have it straight from the lips of our Drama club spy that Miss Helger is planning a series of one-act plays cast from her Drama Classes.

it up. Believe me, Louie, this is the last time. Let me explain—I'm bribing my register room teacher not to tell about the time I was at school when all the other kids were seeing "Anchors Aweigh" for the eighth time. So far, no one has caught on, and if I can keep my secret, no one will ever know. You want me to be able to hold my head up, don't you, Louie?

Love, B.A.

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copy of this disc. Remember the Barnett renditions of "Just a Little Fond Affection" and "Surprise Party"? Why, shore! Well, the recent Barnett big-seller boasts both waxed on a Decca. Fran Warren warbles on "Fond Affection", while Redd Evans tells you all about the "Surprise Party". Makes interesting plus entertaining listenin'.

Flipping through the March edition of "Band Leaders", we noticed the feature article announcing results of the national Band Leader Poll held to determine who were the top ten band leaders of 1945 according to the people's choice. In case you missed results then, here's a reprint of the info.

1. Tommy Dorsey
2. Harry James
3. Woody Herman
4. Vaughn Munroe
5. Benny Goodman
6. Gene Krupa
7. Duke Ellington
8. Les Brown
9. Charlie Spivak
10. Artie Shaw

Cabbage green makes its debut on the color hit parade this season, and it's just in time for Easter festivities. Especially stunning when worn with bright gold or red accessories, it's a shade that's difficult to describe. Perhaps a light Kelly green, if you can imagine it, hits close enough. New York fashion designers predict it extremely popular in the summer season. Seems the color shows the tanned body off to its brownest advantage, and that's to be desired.

King Van—swoon boy extraordinary—stars in "No Leave, No Love", his yet-to-be-released flicker. Another in the series of 'uniform pictures', "No Leave, No Love" brings Van to the public in a role similar to the one he portrayed in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo". Though not quite as exciting as "Thirty Seconds", this new pic is certainly well worth the price of admission. Natch you won't want to miss it—you bobby-soxer, you!

VIC TAKES THREE CROWNS

Two wrestling and one boxing championship were the total for Vic when the final bout had been fought in Edmonton's annual school-boys' boxing and wrestling tournament on Friday, April 5, at Westglen gym. Our scrapers were in there with everything they had, and showed some of the finest fighting form seen in the high school events.

Boxing Events

Bantamweight, 118 lbs.—Bob Brooks, 116, of Eastwood, eliminated Billy Thomas, 117, of Vic.

Featherweight, 126 lbs.—Nestor Ludwick, 126, of Vic, took Jack Buckley, 124, of Westglen, by a technical K.O. Nestor won much praise for the cool way in which he disposed of his opponent in the first round . . . that right hand of his spells sudden death!

Heavyweight—John Grotski, 191, of University High, won the championship from "Smilin' Steve" Paproski, 222, of Vic, in one of the classiest fights of the evening; both boys battled well, but Grotski got the decision.

Wrestling Bouts

Flyweight, 118 lbs.—Charles Shaul, 116, of Victoria, took the championship by defeating Gordon White, 114, of Eastwood.

Middleweight, 174 lbs.—Eric McDonald, 162, of Westglen, defeated Jack Ross, 163, of Vic. Fine form shown by both boys; McDonald took the bout in two straight falls.

Lightweight, 145 lbs.—Bill Green, 137, of Victoria, defeated Fred Houghton, 145, of Westglen. This struggle was a fitting climax to an evening of thrills, chills, and spills. It took Green a little over three minutes to take his opponent for two falls. Another championship for Vic.

Unmatched In Finals

Two more crowns will rest for the following year on the heads of Viciters, because the contestants were unmatched in their classes in the finals: Midgits, 100 lbs.—Vernon Swanson, 100. Light Heavyweight, 191, lbs.—Eugene Kiniski, 191.

Altogether, it was a successful evening for Victoria, and to all our boys who reached the finals we say, "Well done!"

Two kids were discussing the angle worm problem.

"How do you get your little sister to dig up your worms?" asked Bobby.

"Easy," answered Tommy. "When she digs up ten, I give her one to eat."

"Boy! was that argument you had with your wife last night ever amusing!"

"Wasn't it? And when she threw the axe at me I thought I'd split!"



PUGILISTIC EXHIBITION

The Boxing and Wrestling Club put on an exhibition and when it was concluded, the spectators were practising right hooks and head-locks on anyone they could find. Steve Paproski, who did not participate, introduced the pugilists.

The boxing bouts were two 2-minute rounds with no winner being declared. Mr. Stewart was referee.

Boxing Bouts

Art Morley vs. Harold Kruger—125 lb. class.

Gord. Willson vs. Bob Willson—150 lb. class.

Nestor Ludwick vs. Bob Saddy—130 lb. class.

Lorne Thomas vs. Leon Tkechenka—160 lb. class.

Wrestling Bouts

The wrestling bouts were 2 out of 3 falls with a winner being declared. Doc. Willis was the third man in the ring.

Tiger Swanson took two straight falls over Ernie Fedoruk—100 lb. class.

Charlie Shaw vs. Bill Thomas—100 lb. class. Charlie Shaw won after a classy fight.

Pete Melnychuk vs. Lawrence Petal—190 lb. class. Pete won but Petal put up a good fight.

Ervin Armstrong vs. Joe Kischuck—150 lb. class. This ended in a draw.

Marvin Petal vs. Ross Scott—200 lb. class.

VICTORIA LOSES CROWN

Victoria High will not possess the senior hoop crown this year, as they were edged out by Westglen after winning the first game. In the deciding game, they were defeated to the tune of 33-29. Perhaps not playing up to par, they fought till the end. George Greenwood was a main factor in the Vic defeat as he succeeded in getting 13 points. The score at the quarter was 6-6, and at half time it stood 19-14 for Westglen. It was 25-20 at three-quarter time for the boys in grey. Steve Mendryk and Tom Mayson turned in good performances to pick up 10 and 6 respectively.

Victoria—Drever, Mendryk, Mayson, Shipka, Teskey, Purkiss, Patterson, Smith.

Westglen—Pearce, Greenwood, Bodnar, Fleming, Stockwell, Savage, McLocklin.

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MENDRYK WINS SCORING RACE

The whole school has been pointing to Steve Mendryk with pride lately as he again brings scoring honors to old V. H. S. He contributed the most points to his team in the City Men's Junior League. Besides, he was just edged out of winning the Most-Valuable-Player Award, by Gordon McLaughlin of the Y team.

SENIORS SECOND

Victoria High's entry in the City Men's Junior League finished the schedule second to the Y Toilers. By virtue of finishing in second place they gained the right to be in the play-offs with the West-Teens.

The Vic squad who probably was not up to standard, lost two games straight to the Teens. Everybody has seen the Vic squad play better basketball, but the luck just seemed to be against them. On the other hand the Teens seemed to be making baskets that most people would think impossible. The first game ended with the Teens taking the decision. Vic held their own during the first half but didn't seem to click in the remainder.

The second game saw the Teens trounce the Vic squad 50 to 29. George Greenwood and Gord Pierce were the main factors in the Teen-win, picking up 1 point and 12 respectively, while Steve Mendryk, Hammy Drever, and Pete Shipka scored for Vic, 7, 7, and 6 points.

West Teens—Bodnar, Greenwood, McLeod, Fleming, Stockwell, Pearce, Savage, Fowler, Johnson.

Vic.—Mendryk, Shipka, Drever, Mayson, Purkiss, Teskey, Smith, Patterson, Harvie.

Juniors Lose

Vic Juniors were dealt their only defeat of the season when Commercial came out on top of a 31-15 score to cop the Junior League Championship.

Commercial held the play consistently, going ahead 23-5 at half-time and never dropping behind.

High scorers for Commercial were Guy Cubit with 12 points and Steve Papinski with 8. Bill Green led Vic scorers with 6.

Commercial—Cubit 12, Papinski 8, Elliot 6, Detmot 3, Walker 2, Edgenton 1.

Victoria—Green 6, Strate 5, Grabow 4, Stewart, Kruger, Hayes, Sugiura.

GIRLS' SPORTS HI-LIGHTS

Juniors Defeat Scona

Vic juniors chalked up their fourth win in six starts by defeating Scona 14-7. High scorers for the Red and Black were Bernice Sandstrom 6, Helen Mendryk 4, and Pat Gunn 4. Scona's high scorer was Fitz-Simmons with 4 points.

It was a closely-fought game with fouls equally distributed between both teams. Vic managed to keep the lead from the first whistle to the end, the closest score being 8-6 at half-time.

Victoria—Sandstrom, Gunn, Mendryk, Brown, Gilchrist, Carlson, Hagerman, Marchyshn.

Strathcona—Watson, Newmon, Shultz, Duncan, Macaskill, Phillips, Fitz-Simmons, McDonald.

Seniors vs. Victoria

At a basketball game against Scona's Senior girls, our Senior team took its first defeat in two years, the final score being 18-16 in favour of Scona. Ruth Douglas was high scorer from Scona with 10 points followed by Marie Schwarz from Victoria with 4 points.

This last game of the series left Scona and Victoria tied for first place with one defeat apiece.

Lineups:

Scona—Douglas (10), Cox (2), Smith (2), Richardson (4), Chaplin, Borvstein.

Victoria—Nakamura (3), Shalen (2), Mason, Schwarz (4), Hodgins (3), Wells (2), Falkenburg (2), Millar, Wilson and Sohnle.

Volleyball

Girls' volleyball teams were organized in Room 1 on March 18, with Mary Millar acting as chairman. Nancy Mayson and Phyllis Clark were chosen as captains. Game got under way on the 19th and a six-week program has begun. New members are very welcome.

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HER OWN MEDICINE

To say that the skating rink was crowded, would be an outrageous understatement. Jeri and her partner, Gif Carlisle, wormed their way by degrees through the packed crowd towards the ice, pushing and getting pushed, and being trampled on gaily by the other students of St. Martin's High. There was about as much freedom of movement as a sardine enjoys in his can, but for all the conversation Gif could get out of Jeri, he might just as well have been alone. He endeavoured several times to get a talk started, but her only response was an absent grunt.

"A brilliant conversation I'm having," he remarked drily. "Know who I'm talking to?"

No answer.

"A clever, interesting fellow, heart of gold, pride of St. Martin's; genius by the name of Gif Carlisle."

"Hm?" Her eyes questioned him vacantly.

"What's wrong with you, Jeri?" he exploded in indignation. "All you've said tonight is 'Hm?'"

"I'm thinking Gif. I'm sorry."

He regarded her out of the corner of his eye. "Who is he?"

"What do you mean, who is he? There is no 'he'. I didn't—"

"Hi Jeri. Hello Gif," Norma Barton interrupted. "Not fighting surely?" She turned to Jeri and grinned. "Know that new kid—Ray Alton? He brought Sylvia and, boy is she blown up with pride. She needs a pin stuck in her, but fast." Norma grinned again. "Like to try it?"

"Ah-ha!" said Gif. "Ray Alton, huh? The dawn breaks. You know, Norma, she's been absolutely blank all evening. Mind far, far away. She could have waited till she got home to dream, but she forgot I was here."

Jeri was blushing furiously, and hated herself for it. "That's not true," she denied hotly. "I was—I was—thinking about that chem exam tomorrow."

"Chem with a capital R," Gif grinned.

Jeri glared at him. "I think I will deflate Sylvia."

Gif wasn't grinning any more. "Go ahead. That's what you want to do isn't it?" Before Jeri could say anything, Gif had turned to Norma and said, "Skate with me, Norma? Let's go."

Jeri watched them skate off, a big lump of anger growing inside of her. Then she glided off in search of Ray and Sylvia.

They were sitting on a bench just of the ice, and laughing as though they very much enjoyed each other's company.

"Hello, Sylvia," Jeri greeted, swooping down on them with a brilliant smile. "Connie sent me to tell you she'd be finished writing your essay by tomorrow morning."

Sylvia bit her lips in anger, and a sly smile stood in Jeri's eyes. Jeri turned with well-feigned surprise as she caught sight of Roy Alton. "Oh, hello! From out of town?"

"He just came to St. Martin's," Sylvia's voice had to be held in tightly.

"Oh?" Jeri sounded politely interested. She sat down between them and sighed. "Gee, I'm dead beat; I've skated so long I'm worn to a frazzle."

"You look all right," Ray said. "Very much all right."

"Maybe, but if I skated just once more I'd collapse. I couldn't even stand alone."

"I haven't seen you skating once," Sylvia remarked frigidly.

"I suppose not. You've had such an absorbing talk here—"

A twist of Jeri's head at Ray, and Sylvia got it! She got it with an explosion.

"You little—"

"The skating contest has started," Jeri told them as the loudspeaker blared. "And I haven't got a partner."

At the dismay, evident in her voice and face Ray rose to the occasion gallantly. "Shall we?" he asked her.

"She's tired," Sylvia reminded spitefully.

"Of course, let's," Jeri said it loudly to drown out Sylvia. This would squash Sylvia's hopes of winning the contest with Ray. She looked back at Sylvia, but instead of chagrin she saw on Sylvia's face triumph.

Sylvia got up. "I'll find Gif," she announced.

To Jeri's chagrin, Sylvia and Gif won twenty minutes later. And Ray deserted her. Even Gif turned his back!

In the bus as they went home that night Gif said, "You enjoyed yourself, I trust?" She didn't answer. "Ray Alton is Sylvia's cousin, you know. You were so intent on stealing him you left a couple of people out in the cold. I'll let you in on a secret. Syl and I dreamed it up with Norma. When he ditched you and I ditched you—you just got a taste of what I've had before."

Jeri looked at him, ready to burst. He grinned, and unwillingly she followed suit. Their laughter rang out together; Gif squeezed her hand, and she gently squeezed back, smiling.

ERNIE

Always I shall think of you as coming home.

Someday, some hour, you will walk in this door,

Tall, big, immensely big, and very brown.

You will grin in that lovable crooked way—

Reminding me of a big, overgrown pup—

And you will say: "Hello, Kitten, I've come back."

And you'll be home.

Because you're home, our house will live again;

We'll do so many things, we said we'd do—"someday"—

And you can fry the steak and scorch the eggs,

Just as you please—and later just sit still

And let us look and look and look, Until we start to feel

You're really home.

And that first night, while you are sound in sleep,

I'll phone up all my friends;

I'll let them know, "My brother's home! He's really home, at last."

And they, sensing my great joy, will be glad, too.

Then, in the morning, you can put on your smartest uniform,

The one that says, "Pilot Officer" with its little white braid—

The one we've never seen. And we shall walk

"WILLOW AND I"

(Continued from Page 1)

were by Lorraine Blair and Rusty Hedley. The Director of Make-up was Norman Dlin, with supervisor Marie Wilce. Assisting them were Eileen Crawley, Dorothy Ramsey, Marie-Louise Kester, Audrey Meneer, Dot McDonald, Norma Burns, Donna Cott, Rosalie Rubin, Gilbert Williams, Tom Summers and Frank Tyler. In charge of properties was Tim Kenyon, assisted by Lilly Voll, Bob Seibel, Ernie Fedoruk, George Nicholson, Elsie Ukrainec, Norma Weitz, Helen Mendryk and Dick Wennerstrom. The chairs in Act 1 were covered by Violet Horneck and Shirley Morgan. The girls of Drama 1 and 2 were responsible for the lovely Proscenium curtains.

Acknowledgements go to the Red Cross Society, Walter Ramsey Ltd., Florists, Henry Graham and Reid Ltd., Reed's Gift Shop, J. H. Reed Auctioneer, T. Eaton Co. Ltd., and Mr. Barberrey, of McGavin's Ltd.

A Navy physician on a battleship in the Pacific recently received from his fiancée a snapshot taken on a beach and showing two couples smiling contentedly while his girl sat alone at one side, forlorn and lonely. The accompanying letter explained that this was how she was fretting away the time until he returned. At first the physician was delighted and displayed the picture to his fellow officers. That night, however, after studying it a long time in silence, he turned to his room-mate, "John," he said, "I wonder who took that picture?"

All over town. Right down Jasper Avenue, and you may look

In all the shop windows, seeing what is new.

While I, putting on my proudest smile, And holding your arm just a little bit tighter,

Will beam possessively, "He's my brother!"

Over and over again

"Till all the passersby will smile, knowingly, at one another,

Recalling, perhaps, another "first day home"—

And understand my pride.

Yes, I will think of you as coming home; Never, never, believe that you are dead. I never saw your bomber fall, that night,

I've never seen a white cross that bears your name—

I only saw the way you said good-bye, I only heard you say—"I'm coming back."

I cannot doubt. I believe Someday you're coming home.

—By a Victoria student

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SPRING BOUQUET

Dim lights, swoonderful music, refreshments . . . who could ask for anything more? So says the Girls' Hi-Y Central Council, as it prepares for its third annual semi-formal dance "Spring Bouquet". Those who attended last year will of course be anxious to get their tickets early, but those of you who may not know what it's all about, we shall give with the details immediately.

Sponsored yearly by the Girls' Hi-Y throughout the city, this gala affair will take place in the main dining-room of the Macdonald Hotel. The date is Saturday, May 25, and Frank McLeavey and his orchestra have been booked for the occasion.

This year the dance will be program style, and best of all, the girls ask the boys! Anyone may go; so set your sights on HIM, girls . . . and get your ticket anytime after Easter from a Hi-Y girl.

CHEER WINNAHS ANNOUNCED

Razzle dazzle, hobble gobble,
Siz, boom, bah;
We've got new yells,
Yessirrah!!

Vic sent up a cry for new yells. And we got 'em, too . . . all good, all peppy, all original (well anyway, the words were in a different order!)

When Vic's recent cheer contest ended, the judges put their heads together, and came up with an unanimous decision. . . . Mary-Louise Kester was the lucky winner, and her cheer will be published shortly.

To all who entered cheers, the students' council says, "Thanks for your co-operation". To the winners, "Well done. Your cheers may lead the 1946-47 rugby teams to greater victories!"

And now, the complete list of winners, and their prizes:

First, Mary-Louise Kester; \$3.00.
Second, Ernie Solowan; \$1.50.
Third, Steve Mendryk; \$1.00.
Fourth, Steve Mendryk; 50c.
Fifth, Don Wilson; 50c.
Sixth, Pat Gunn; 50c.
Seventh, Pat Gunn; 50c.

Academic: For the academic students there is an award similar to our pins, but because of the war shortages they haven't had any for the last few years. They hope to get them this year though.

From a letter to a schoolmaster: "Please excuse Joe from school today, as his father's ill and the pig has to be fed."

WAR BULLETIN No. 13

(Reprinted by popular request)

The following came through while the censor was asleep, but was later confirmed by the Minister of Information.

"Somewhere in Vic."—A struggling regiment, a purely mathematical one, has been under fire from the sergeant for some time, and as we take stock of the situation through a local shell hole, we find all participants anxiously waiting for the "all clear" signal. The sergeant, a dynamic man whom we will call Sergeant X (perhaps because he is a variable) is glaring at the trembling form of Drummer Sorochan.

Sergeant X: Sorochan, I'm going to let the temper increase without limit. (The drummer's knees begin to knock, disturbing the sergeant.) Now you didn't get that! I said without limit. HOW far, Sorochan?

Sorochan: Without limit, I fear, sir!

Sergeant X: Now I want you to report on the corresponding behavior of the regiment.

Sorochan: The regiment moves to the right across the open range, with its courage approaching zero.

Sergeant X: That's right, "Trade-wind"! This must be your lucky day! Private Shortreed, will you recite Clause A in the Cartesian Agreement.

Shortreed: Keep the function in vertical line with the variable.

Sergeant X: Say, just who do you think you are—Napoleon? (To the grinning recruits: The poor fellow thinks this is the Battle of Waterloo! Shortreed, can you tell me the nationality of Napoleon?)

Shortreed: 'Course I can!

Sergeant X: Correct, Shortreed. You are strangely inspired. Now give us Clause A and don't tell me what to do!

Shortreed: We shall keep . . . the function . . . in vertical line . . . with the variable.

Sergeant X: Thank you, Shortreed! Next—Dispatch Rider Batter.

Batter: (Doubles to the front, does a right wheel, forms fours, salutes, and presents arms) Yes, sir!

Sergeant X: Recite the fundamental problem of Algebra

Batter: Given the behavior of the sergeant, compute the safest possible behaviour of the regiment.

Sergeant X: (percolating) Shellshock. you've got me licked! This place is the

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BEANIES ARRIVE

"You really mean they're here!"

"Yes!"

"Oh, no!"

"They are too! See-ee!"

"Hurrray!"

An so on into the night! Those be-ated beanies were welcomed with open arms.

You all know what they look like—well, you should! They're round-shaped like half of a basketball with little red and black and white wedges sewn together. They may not be very big but don't the best things always come in small packages?

I DON'T

My parents told me not to smoke—

I don't;

Nor listen to a dirty joke;

I don't.

They made it clear I mustn't wink

At pretty girls, or even think

About intoxicating drink—

I don't.

To flirt and dance is very wrong—

I don't.

Wild youths chase women, wine, and song—

I don't.

I kiss no girls, not even one;

I do not know how it is done.

You wouldn't think I had much fun—

I don't.

—Westglen Parade

linguistic Black Hole of Calcutta. Fall down, Batter! (Batter goes through his arms and football backwards, blows the retreat on his collapsible bugle, and marches back to his post. En route his boot decidedly contacts the waste basket, issuing a loud report.)

Sergeant X: Fear not, Ye Olde Age Pensioners—'tis but an echo. Batter kicked the bucket 20 years ago. Next man!

(Silence.)

Sergeant X: Next man! What's the matter back there? Is everybody asleep?

Lookout Newman: (gazing at his neighboring recruit) Private Nock has just died from shock, sir!

Sergeant X: Well, don't disturb everybody, Newman! This is a public place. Prop up the corpse until the end of the period. Next man, please!

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SCHOOL SPIRIT

'Are you going to the game tonight?'

"Why, sure—but we'd better hurry so we won't be late."

This used to be a familiar cry around Vic until this year. Now when this question is asked, one gets a variety of replies from, "Oh, I have to go home right after four," to "I can't be bothered."

For years Vic has been noted all over the city for her school spirit, and then suddenly our score on that point drops almost to zero.

School spirit cannot be too highly stressed. If you've ever played on any kind of team you know that it's not very encouraging to see a crowd of supporters for your opponents' team and only a handful for your own. You don't even feel like trying to win if that's all the support you're going to get.

At a recent game at Eastwood there were exactly two supporters for the Vic teams. It seems to me that of our 750 students there should be a reasonable number who are interested enough to support their school.

I speak especially to the grade Tens and Elevens. The running of this school will be in your hands in a couple of years, and it stands to reason that you won't make a good job of it if you don't take more interest in school activities than you are doing now.

In former years the Seniors were the most enthusiastic bunch in the whole school. How about keeping that reputation? Come on! Let's see everybody turning out to support the school and keep Vic at the very top.

Editor's note: Could be that the tens and elevens are backsliding because the twelves set such a poor example.

The seven stages of women: the infant, the girl, the miss, the young woman, the young woman, the young woman, the young woman.

Auntie: And what will you do, my little darling, when you grow up to be a great big girl?

Child: Reduce.

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SNOOPER SCOOPS

Ah spring!—when thoughts turn towards love, when gals get twitterpated, and guys get crew-cuts. All in all, it's wonderful, isn't it?

But don't think a change in season has brought a change in Snooper. No sirree! He's still on the job, and just to prove it—get the following info:

"Backstage With The Willow" (sounds familiar) we witnessed:

Alfred (The Throb) Pape obligingly giving with the "A.O.P." to a gang of swooning females.

Bethoe Thompson receiving congrats on her marvellous performance as Mara.

Florence Henry keeping the backstage boys happy.

Olga Laruska offering all a whiff of Jack's gardenia on closing night.

Fran Mackett and Donald Lloyd selling more like their charming selves minus the black and tan camouflage.

Nick Spillios and Chris Varvis debating whether or not to slip Ed. Patterson's live turtle down Audrey Major's back. P.S. They didn't.

Frank (Put - those - shears-down-I'll-get-my - crew - cut - tomorrow) Tyler making with the charm talk to a group of interested "sound effects" lovelies who didn't effect a sound.

Jack Nock and Al Cameron too busy dimming lights (for the second act) to notice Gerry Mason who didn't have a thing to do.

Norman Dlin (alias Norma Deline) heartily enjoying his job as make-up supervisor. Could crew Lorraine Blair, Norma Weeder, and Audrey Meneer, plus more, more, more have a bit to do with it? Ooooo, nooooo!

Marie Wilce displaying her wallet-pic of . . . surprise! . . . Vern Gilfillan . . . between slaps of base cream on victim Don Wilson.

Gil Williams dashing round arranging last-minute costume details, and receiving appreciative smiles from everyone.

Miss Hegler looking lovely in her new perm and red dress on closing night when she received her "production" spring bouquet and "cast" record certificate.

A pleasant stay, but we must bid adieu to "The Willow" set, and amble on for a look-see "Round the Town".

Met John Mundy who, we discovered, has finally taken the bi-g step. Yep, gals, our hero has—joined the navy!

Dave Quilley keeps a close on Joyce Herrington these balmy spring eves. Of course, Miss Herrington doesn't mind at all, at all. Love-ly, love-ly!

Guess what Snooper saw!

Some unknown "men" monopolizing our lassies, Doris Smith and Loree McBride.

Peg Johnson looking for someone who will bail her out of the Fort Jail this summer—Financial troubles, y' know.

Bob Flynn dating the new girl friend, Dot Piker, like mad.

Glo Irving and Pete Jorgenson comparing notes. On trig, that is.

Alton Bowers having a gay ole time selling yearplay tickets. With able assistance from such charming jeune filles, no wonder!

Cliff Ozee and brunette beauty, Barbara Beorgie, at Central Teens. Also espied Marion Brown keeping dance time with Carmen Pennock, and several lads including Roonie Backstrom taking turns a la jive with Pat Maguss.

A casual tip to Mr. Champion: Studies are given for reasons (so they say) other than studying one's attractive neighbor.

Jeanne Christenson blames her happy look on spring fever, but we think Jim Downie is a funny way of spelling spring fever.

"Are you really engaged?" everyone's asking Isobel Cameron and "steady" Sid Money. Snooper, too, is wondering.

Someone is really "sweet" on our Helen Semko. Those gifts of chocolate bars are an appropriate way of showing affection, don't you think?

We've noticed Marg Haig dashing over to the Bob Inn every 4 p.m. What's the attraction, Marg?

Steve (the Personality Kid) Paproski has some interesting chit chats outside Room 5 with The Lover's sister, Helen.

Albert Munro and Art Davison also find a lot to talk about—with Betty Blackburn and Lorraine Myers.

Question of the Week: Was IT worth twelve dollars, Mr. Kelloway???

Betty Teskey and Vera Goscoe make a point of attending all the Senior Boys' basketball games. School spirit, you know! Uh-huh!

From the Argosy Contribution box came these sterling bits of gossip:

Eastwood High's roller skating party dated March 8 proved to be quite an attraction to a couple of Vicites who attended. Doug Harris squired Scona's Joan Taylor. Martin Wener skated the "Couples Only" with attractive Joan Seller.

Chuck 'n Chick are having fun doing the town these lovely eves—a show here, a dance there. In case you haven't guessed, our hero is one Mr. Jamieson, heroine is "Clothes" Gibson.

Apparently Beth Minogue still pines away for one Jimmy boy, but life deals sad blows—a vivacious Varsity red-head can provide tough competition.

Some lucky Hi-Y gals returned a l'ecole one Monday morn tired but thoroughly happy over results of "The Last Weekend". "Our male dates were won-der-ful!" they exclaimed ecstatically. Seems Calgary did things up big and offered the three-day services of their favorite men to the visiting Edmontonians. But Camille, how could you be so mean to him!

Dot Geibelhaus appears favorably impressed with one of those handsome Wilson twins. But Snooper can't tell which is who; so will ignore details.

We Wonder:

Why Norma Burns and Don Wilson broke up.

When Myriam Dobson will make the big decision. You know, it's gotta be this or that!

Why Elmer Ozland prefers Scona's sweet stuff.

When Jackie Stocks will say good-bye to scarlet fever and the Royal Alex.

Why Tom Mayson won't tell us about that Calgary episode (And he seems like such a nice fellow, too!)

Where the Easter Bunny's hiding out.

We delve into the subject of the latter and hastily join the searching party; so see you later!

Florence Henry: "He's always been a perfect gentleman with me."

Bernice Sandstrom: "He bores me, too."

• • •

Student: To whom was Minerva married?

Professor: My boy, when will you learn that Minerva was the Goddess of Wisdom. She wasn't married.

APRIL, 1946 VIC ARGOSY 7

FEAR A FORMAL?

Ever since the day you took your first quavering steps into high school life, you've heard Seniors making plans for the Grad Dance. Now, suddenly, you're one of "them" and the Grad Dance they're talking about is YOURS.

If you feel as "at home" on a dance floor as you do in your own room, read no further. This article is not for you, but is intended to help those Seniors who are going to their first formal dance on June first, and may have a few doubts as to the proper do's and don'ts.

For the Girl:

You realize the importance of being ready on time (you don't want to miss the first course of the banquet, or keep the taxi waiting); yet you don't want to look thrown together when Jim comes; so you'll plan your time accordingly . . . an extra fifteen minutes can give you that "added touch".

When Jim arrives with a corsage, you'll carry it in its original box to the dance, protecting it from wilting and crushing. Once you're there, it will take only a minute to pin it on your left shoulder or in your hair.

You'll be brushed up on your table manners, you'll be light on your own feet—Now the rest is up to Jim!

For the Boy:

Your Dad doesn't want you to borrow a car, and there isn't one in your family; so you'll order a taxi to and from the dance, unless you live within walking distance of the Corona. (Perhaps your chum would like to share the taxi and the expense.)

You don't need to be told what things are out of place at a formal: "five o'clock shadows" for instance, are as bad as grimy nails and screeching ties. Jean'll be proud of you 'cause your shoes are as shiny as your cheeks, and your white shirt just "goes" with your cleaned, pressed Sunday suit.

You'll be sure to consult a florist after finding out the color of Jean's dress. You can arrange whether to pick up or send out a matching corsage—in plenty of time.

If it's a program dance, you'll complete your programs a few days before the dance. If not, you'll have the first and last dances with Jean; then during some of those "in-betweens" you can trade dances with friends. You won't under any circumstances, however, leave her alone on the dance floor.

For You Both:

Above all, be natural—and have the time of your life, Senior!!



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INTRODUCING . . .



Marie Schwarz

Marie started her colorful career at Vic with a bang by being both a Grade and a special award winner. In eleven she again claimed the special award, and already in grade twelve she has become Academic Rep. on the Council, a room representative for the Grad Class executive, a member of the Girl's Hi-Y, and an active member of the News Staff of the Argosy.

Although Marie is interested in many sports, most of her leisure time seems to be taken up with basketball. She is on the Senior team, a member of the Page-Hollingsworth Basketball School, and captain of a House League team. In the summer Marie enjoys a good game of tennis, practises track and field at the Stadium, and finds time on the side to play badminton.

Marie's special likes include Basketball, sewing, knitting, diamond socks, Bing Crosby, wood-burning, beadwork and chocolate cake; her only dislikes are book-worms and cabbage.

Just for the record: Marie was born August 18, 1928. She attended Alex Taylor, and MacCauley public schools. She isn't just sure what she wants to be, but is planning to attend Varsity next fall. Vicites, I give you—Marie Schwarz!



Bill Prunkl

Busy, busy, busy is Bill Prunkl, the blonde witty fellow from Room 10, but we cornered him in the Arg. Office one day, and managed to extract the following info:

Vital Statistics: increased the population of Westlock seventeen years ago last Dec. 11; attended Norwood for six years; tried Spruce Ave. for three; and



Thelma Berg

She CAN'T STAND parsnips, Andy Russell, and dog-haters—that's Thelma Berg, the "best conversationalist" of the Grade XII girls, according to the recent Pop. Poll.

Words she mutters ecstatically in her sleep are as follows: "Frankie . . . liver and onions . . . chocolate . . . brown eyes . . . fnnf".

Here are the vital statistics for your little black books:

Born: Jan. 4, 1928, in the Royal Alex. Hospital.

Pre-Vic Schools: McCauley and Alex Taylor.

Outside Activities: Tobogganing, hiking, reading, writing, photography, and skating.

The blonde, blue-eyed Thelma has a definite flair for dramatics. She took the lead in a play for a Christmas lit, and joined the Drama club, in Grade X. This year she directed that side-splitting skit, "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" for a mid-winter Drama Lit, and is on the entertainment committee of the Drama club.

Don't think her activities end there, though. Far from it. In all three years of her high school career, Thelma has written voluminously for the Argosy. This year she is the Exchange Editor, in addition to being a leading contributor to the Features department.

Prepare for a shock. With all the above-mentioned capabilities, Thelma blandly states her ambition as being "to get 100% in Shorthand!"

Now we'll tell one.

this June hopes to end his three-year stretch at Vic.

Preferences: skating, golf, tennis; Woody Herman's discs ("definitely!"); all types of music—hot jazz to opera, depending on his mood; Jennifer Jones (and he sighs); algebra from Mr. S. (mad impetuous boy!)

Pet Aversion: high school girls.

School Time-Takers: being Circulation Manager of the Argosy—and keeping the Argosy subscription percentage up to par; playing House League basketball on (he hopes, he hopes!) the winning team; after-four ping-pong sessions with Norman Johnston.

Past Achievements: as one of the top thirty brainsters, has attended two academic parties: was a crack Argosy room rep., and on the champ House League team in grade 11.

Post-Vic Plans: to become "your friendly neighborhood druggist". His part-time job at Steele's Drug Store (plug!) should help Bill toward his goal.



Ralph MacMillan

Many of our admiring female population have been asking who that tall, dark, and swoonsome male is; so, being an obliging soul we shall make with the intro: he's Ralph B. (for Baldwin) MacMillan.

It all started March 13, 1928, in the southern city of Lethbridge. From here Ralph journeyed to Edmonton, where he attended McKay Avenue School for nine years. Then, although he had been strongly warned against it, he took the fatal step and enrolled at Victoria.

In grade 10, Ralph was on the Students' Council, and was an active member of the Tennis Club.

Last year, he was president of the Tennis Club, a member of the Ski Club, and an Argosy rep.

This year, our hero is Assistant Editor and Business Manager of the Argosy, president of the Ski Club, and president of the Grad Class.

When we inquired about his favorite foods, Ralph replied "Bananas and Brookfield sausage" (plug). As for the fair sex—well, he likes them tall, dark, and beyootiful.

His favorite disc is Berigan's "Can't Get Started", and just the mention of Esther Williams will bring a gleam to his eye. His spare time is occupied by piano playing, skiing, tennis, and women.

At the moment, Ralph's main hope is to study Mining Engineering. Good Luck!

LIFE'S CRUCIAL MOMENTS

Was my face red! It seems that many, many times during the course of one's life that expression is used. If you attend Vic, you'll discover that you use it ver-ry often—specially if you're in one of Mr. Shortlife's classes. Then MISTER! a red face is a permanent fixture.

Vicites, do YOU stutter in embarrassed confusion when the conductor hauls you back to put in a red car ticket? How does he know you'll never see twelve again?

Do you often say things in a way that suggests something you don't mean? Some people have evil minds.

Do you get stuck with the date with the wandering hands? Serves you right—why not dig up his case histories first?

A psychiatrist states, "Don't let embarrassment get you down. We all suffer from it. Notice I say 'all'—for everyone from the hardened criminal to the sweet sixteen has experienced moments of this torture. Do not think of

these moments," he emphasized. "They are best forgotten."

I heartily agree! Oh, yes!! But that's a perfect example of the easier-said-than-done advice. How can I forget my latest embarrassing moment when I get Mr. Levy for two spares and a typing period a day? Every amused, remembering glance pointed in my direction reminds me of it. I was expansively viewing my own professional system of How-to-Skip-an-Afternoon-Without-a-Soul-Suspecting to a group of impressed friends when I looked up to meet the accusing stare of Mr. Levy as he handed me my summons. Mr. Hicks required my presence—and my explanations. Court was in session. *was my face red!*

Lorraine Blair tells us that Norma Burns is gradually embarrassing her to death. I quote: "We'll be standing beside a counter at the Bay looking longingly at the beautiful array of sweaters (dreaming again!) on display. About this time Norma saunters off and I stand there talking, waving my arms around with abandon, slapping the back of the girl next to me, holding the sweaters up for size, and performing a dozen other similar antics. Finally I discover the girl next to me isn't Norma. Oh 'Burns', how can you do this to me???"

You adore tomato sandwiches. Most everyone does. Bnt why, why, WHY, in this advanced age doesn't someone invent a device to prevent the tomatoes from slipping out at the most crucial moments? Another subtle victory for Fate.

Tom phones he'll drop around at 8. You're a happy girl. You should be. Tom's a gorgeous specimen of humanity. Then complications set in. Remember? Bill picked this eve as the opportune time to meet mama. Of course he's also destined to arrive at 8. So what do you do? You might try hiding under the bed or feigning an attack of screaming-meemies—unless you can stand another embarrassing moment, that is.

Clickers Make Year-End Plans

With the Photo Contest award winners, and display of the winning photos finished, there are only six more meetings planned by the Photography Club. The season should have proved profitable to those who have attended meetings regularly. An exciting program, including darkroom work has been planned, and also, after the Easter Examinations, a bike-and-camera hike.

The darkroom work has already commenced with the first session on the developing of film. Following soon will be a session on printing, then one on enlarging, and then a review of all three again. Because of the lack of darkroom accommodation, and the large membership, (fifty-five to be exact) two shifts will be planned for each day of darkroom work.

No matter how weak a man may be,
No woman in all creation
Can ever make a fool of him
Without some cooperation!

* * *

"All she knows about cooking is how to bring a man to boil."